

# Halloween Massacre

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Summary: It's Halloween 2014 in Haddonfield, Illinois, and Michael Myers has come out of hiding. It's up to Dr. Loomis to put an end to Michael's reign of terror once and for all! Rated M for graphic violence, language, and adult content.

## 1. Chapter 1: The Myer's House

### Halloween Massacre

written

by

Ben Wasden

PLEASE READ: I do not own rights to the Halloween series, created by John Carpenter & Debra Hill, or the characters included in the Halloween series.

### Chapter 1: Myer's House

It had just struck midnight on October 31st in Haddonfield, Illinois. It was officially Halloween. Nick Phillips and Courtney Dix were standing outside in front of the old, decrepit Myer's House. It was the infamous home where Michael Myers killed his sister many years ago. Nick had short brown hair and a thin build. Courtney had long blonde hair. Both were seniors in high school.

"So, should we go in?" Nick asked, his arm around Courtney.

"I don't know, Nick. It looks so spooky," Courtney said nervously.

"Come on. There's nothing to be afraid of. Michael Myers isn't gonna get you. The bastard's dead," Nick said, trying to coax Courtney to

go into the house.

"Well, they never found his body," Courtney said.

"Maybe, but there hasn't been a murder in this town in years. If he still is alive, he probably skipped town. I sure wish I could skip town," Nick joked.

"Well, when you put it that way I guess there would be no harm in taking a peek inside," Courtney said.

"Alright! It's Halloween and we're going in the Myer's House," Nick said excitedly.

Nick took Courtney by the hand and led her up the rickety steps leading to the house. When they were at the front door, Nick reached out to turn the door knob. To his and Courtney's surprise, the door creaked open on its own. They both looked at each other, terrified looks on their faces.

"Creepy," Courtney said.

"Hey, if you wanna go back to the car I'll understand," Nick said, obviously spooked.

"Forget it. Let's go in and have a look-see," Courtney said, holding Nick's warm clammy hand.

They entered the home, which was completely dark. They couldn't see anything, but that didn't stop them from smelling the musty stench in the air.

"Shit. How are we supposed to see?" Courtney asked.

"Lucky for us, I brought this," Nick said, pulling a flashlight out of his pocket.

Nick shined the flashlight in front of them. They were in what appeared to be the living room. There was a couch and little else remaining in the room. The room was littered with cobwebs and dust. A mouse ran across the creaky floorboard, prompting Courtney to squeal.

"Uh, I hate mice. I hate their beady eyes and their long tails," Courtney sputtered.

"But you like my tail, right," Nick said.

"Oh, yes. Although, you could shave it once in a while. The last time I gave you a rimjob, I got hair in my teeth," Courtney said, both her and Nick laughing.

"Sorry, but the last time I shaved my asshole I cut myself. And I bled like a stuck pig," Nick said.

"Gross," Courtney said, shaking her head.

"Speaking of gross, look at this place," Nick said, surveying the room and noticing that there was a staircase at the other end of the room.

"I know. It looks straight out of The Amityville Horror or something," Courtney said.

"The inside of a goats stomach is what it looks like. And it smells like King Kong's butt hole, but maybe that's because I just farted. Silent, but extremely deadly," Nick said, laughing.

"Geez, I wondered what that awful smell was," Courtney said, both she and Nick unaware that someone was watching them from the top of the staircase.

"You want to go upstairs?" Nick asked.

"Well, I don't want to, but I am curious," Courtney said, smiling.

"You know what they say. Curiosity killed the pussy," Nick said.

"The only thing I want killing my pussy is you, baby," Courtney said, flashing Nick a sexy smile.

Courtney and Nick gave each other a short kiss on the lips. They then walked to the other end of the room, hand in hand. When they reached the staircase, Nick stopped and motioned for Courtney to climb the stairs first.

"You go first," Nick said.

"Why? So you can catch me if I fall," Courtney said.

"You bet. Be careful. The steps are probably not in the best shape," Nick said.

Courtney started climbing the stairs slowly, followed by Nick. Nick was shining the flashlight in the air where they could see up the stairs. After they reached the top of the stairs, Nick and Courtney looked at their surroundings. There was a dark, narrow hallway with four rooms.

"Which door should I open first?" Nick asked, shining the flashlight on his face for creepy effect.

"Very funny. You choose," Courtney said.

"Okay. I choose this one," Nick said, opening the first door on the right.

They walked into the room. There was girly stuff in the room, including a vanity and dolls.

"This must've been Judith's room," Nick said.

"Was that Michael's sister?" Courtney asked.

"Yeah, one of Michael's sisters. He also had a sister named Laurie. I think she died a few years ago, but like Michael her body was never found. She was in a mental hospital," Nick said.

"Some family," Courtney said, shaking her head.

"Judith was topless when she was killed. And she had nice tits," Nick said, laughing.

"And how could you possibly know that?" Courtney asked.

"Because all chicks have nice tits," Nick replied.

"Let's go to another room. It's giving me the creeps being in here, knowing that someone was murdered in this very room," Courtney said

"Fine," Nick said, exiting Judith's room, followed by Courtney.

Nick and Courtney went into the room across from Judith's next. It was a bathroom. Nick shined his flashlight on the walls in the bathroom, which were covered in some dark brown substance. Both he and Courtney looked away in disgust, as the smell of shit hit them.

"God, someone smeared shit all over the walls in here," Nick said, dry heaving.

"Who could it have been?" Courtney asked.

"Probably that sicko Michael Myers. No telling how many times he defecated in this very room, while sitting on that very toilet," Nick said, pointing at the toilet in the bathroom.

"Let's get out of here," Courtney said.

"Yeah, let's. It smells like Betty White's snatch in here," Nick said.

"You're disgusting," Courtney said.

"But that's why you love me," Nick said, taking Courtney's hand and leading her into the hallway.

Nick led Courtney to the last room on the left. The door was shut, so Nick turned the doorknob. When the door was open, they saw a large bed in the middle of the room.

"This must've been the parents' bedroom," Nick said.

"That sure is a big bed," Courtney said, pointing at the bed.

"Yeah, and no telling how many times Mr. Myers fucked his wife in this room. He'd probably be fucking her right now if they were still alive," Nick said.

"You are so depraved. And they'd probably be in their seventies by now, so I doubt there'd be any sex going on in here," Courtney said.

"Michael Myers was probably conceived in this room," Nick said.

"There's a thought," Courtney said flatly.

"You want to fool around in here?" Nick asked, a devilish grin on his face.

"Is that why you brought me here? Because if it is, you didn't have to go through so much trouble to get laid. We could have done it anywhere, you sexy fucker," Courtney said.

Nick gave Courtney his flashlight, and she shined it on him. He then pulled down his pants and his boxers, revealing his flaccid hairy penis.

"Come on. Get on your knees and suck my hairy ass dick, you tramp," Nick said, motioning for Courtney to come to him.

"I'm not a tramp. I'm a slut. There's a difference. And there's a dick down there? I can't see it for all of the hair," Courtney said, erupting with laughter.

"I'm sorry. I forgot to manscape," Nick said, embarrassed.

While Nick was talking, Courtney had heard a noise coming from across the hall. She turned around, shining her flashlight into the hallway.

"What's wrong?" Nick asked.

"I heard something," Courtney said, continuing to shine the flashlight, but not seeing anything out of the ordinary.

"Oh, you probably just heard me fart. I farted again, and that time it wasn't so silent," Nick said, laughing.

"Nick, that wasn't the sound of one of your nasty farts. It sounded like footsteps," Courtney said.

"Where do you think the sound came from?" Nick asked.

"I think it came from the room across from this one," Courtney said, pointing to the room across the hallway.

"Oh, shit," Nick whispered.

"What's wrong?" Courtney asked.

"That's the only room we haven't checked yet," Nick said.

"So what?" Courtney asked.

"So that's probably Michael's room," Nick said, both his and Courtney's faces expressing their fear.

## 2. Chapter 2: Michael's Room

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Nick and Courtney stood frozen, listening to see if the noise from within Michael's room would continue. There was nothing but silence for a while, but then they finally heard some movement coming from

within the room.

"Nick, let's get the eff out of here," Courtney said, fear in her voice.

"Now, hold on a minute. I think that we should investigate," Nick said.

"Are you crazy? What if Michael Myers is in there?" Courtney asked.

"Then I guess we'll die," Nick joked.

"Very funny," Courtney said, rolling her eyes.

"Come on. It's probably just a raccoon or something," Nick said.

"Okay. I guess we can go see what's in the room, but if I get horribly killed I'm gonna come back as a ghost and haunt you," Courtney said.

"Are you scared?" Nick asked.

"Yeah, I think I'm going to wet my pants," Courtney said.

"Well, I think I'm going to shit my pants," Nick said.

"Don't do it. Your mom will have a time getting the stains to come out," Courtney said.

"My balls are sweating like a porn star in church," Nick said.

"So are mine," Courtney said, getting a confused look from Nick.

"Let's stop talking where we can go in Michael's room and see what's in there," Nick said, as the noise in Michael's room continued.

"I think we both know what's in there," Courtney said.

Nick took a step forward, Courtney close behind him. When he reached Michael's room, he turned the doorknob and slowly pushed the door open. He was shining his flashlight in front of him. Both he and Courtney were shaking and breathing heavily.

All of a sudden, the flashlight died.

"Shit. I can't see anything," Nick said.

Nick started shaking the flashlight, trying to get it to work again. After a few tries, the flashlight finally came to life. And Nick and Courtney saw what was in Michael's room. They saw what it was that had been making the noise.

"What the fuck?" Nick said, surprised by what he saw.

### 3. Chapter 3: Something Big

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Nick and Courtney were surprised when they saw that it wasn't Michael Myers that was making all of the noise in Michael Myers' room. It was...Bigfoot! Yes, the hairy apeman Bigfoot was in Michael's room, naked.

"Bigfoot? What are you doing here?" Nick asked.

"I'm doing the Macarena. What the hell does it look like I'm doing?" Bigfoot asked in a deep manly voice.

"It looks like your slumming in the home of Michael Myers," Courtney said.

"Who?" Bigfoot asked.

"Michael Myers. Haven't you heard of him?" Nick asked.

"Oh, yeah. He starred in the Austin Powers movies," Bigfoot said, smiling and nodding.

"No, silly. That was Mike Myers. Michael Myers is a serial killer. He's killed more people than Jeffrey Dahmer and Charles Manson combined," Courtney said.

"Look, for all I care this could be Hitler's home. My dad threw me out because I fart too much, so I needed a place to squat for the night," Bigfoot said.

"And by squat, you mean you needed a place to stay?" Nick asked.

"No, by squat I mean I need a place to squat and take a shit," Bigfoot said sarcastically.

"You mean your dad threw you out just because you fart?" Courtney asked.

"Sometimes I wish my dad would throw me out because I fart," Nick joked.

"No. He didn't throw me out because I fart. He threw me out because I fart too much. And my farts smell like road kill," Bigfoot explained.

No sooner than Bigfoot got the words out of his mouth, he cut the cheese. Both Nick and Courtney shook their heads in disgust.

"I can see why your dad threw you out. That was rancid. My dumps don't even smell that bad," Nick said.

"Mine don't, either," Courtney chimed in.

"Oh, both of you can go suck a dick for all I care," Bigfoot said.

Nick and Courtney both looked down and saw Bigfoot's penis for the first time. Both of their eyes nearly popped out of their sockets.

"Holy shit, dude. You're hung like a horse," Nick said excitedly.

"How big is that thing?" Courtney asked.

"It is ten feet long, thank you very much," Bigfoot replied.

"Can I touch it?" Nick asked.

"No, you most certainly cannot. Are you gay or something?" Bigfoot asked.

"I'm not gay. I fuck Courtney here every night," Nick said, pointing at Courtney.

"Yes he does, after I finger his asshole for about an hour," Courtney said.

"And what are you two dildo's doing here?" Bigfoot asked.

"We are exploring the home of legendary serial killer Michael Myers," Nick said.

"Well, I wish you two would kindly go away where I can take a shit on the floor," Bigfoot said, before farting again.

"Okay, we'll catch you later Bigfoot," Nick said, backing up as to try and escape the smell of Bigfoot's fart.

"And if there's a God, much later," Courtney said.

Both Nick and Courtney turned around. Nick shined his flashlight before them. Both of them screamed when they saw a man standing there. He was wearing a white mask and holding a large butcher knife. It was Michael Myers. He came home.

#### 4. Chapter 4: Michael Draws First Blood

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Michael Myers stood staring at Nick and Courtney, holding his knife at his side.

"Hey, Michael. You wanna have a threesome?" Courtney joked.

Michael just continued to stare at Nick and Courtney, tilting his head to the side.

"Courtney, stop flirting with that knife-wielding boogeyman and run. Run, bitch, run!" Nick shouted.

"I'm not a bitch. I'm a cunt. There's a difference, I think," Courtney said.

"Stop talking and just ran past Michael. Save your tits, ass, and vagina before Michael slices them off," Nick pleaded.

"Okay. You don't have to tell me twice," Courtney said.



Courtney stepped forward and eased past Michael. Then she disappeared out of sight. Nick could hear her running through the hallway, and then he heard the sound of her running down the stairs.

"Alright, you psychotic piece of shit. It's time for some karate," Nick said.

Nick charged at Michael and then lifted his leg to kick Michael, but Michael wasn't having any of that. Michael grabbed Nick's leg before his leg connected with Michael's body. Michael then squeezed Nick's leg, cracking it. The sound of bone breaking could be heard in the room.

Nick fell down, and brought his hand to his leg. He was in severe pain and could not move his leg.

"You bastard!" Nick shouted.

Michael walked over to where Nick was laying, and lifted his knife. He then knelt down beside Nick, the knife raised.

"I'm coming to join you, Grandma," Nick said, tears streaming down his face.

Michael brought his knife down on Nick's chest. The blade entered Nick's chest, blood squirting out all over Nick's shirt as he died.

Michael took the knife out of Nick's chest and stood up, blood dripping from the knife. He looked down at Nick's corpse, admiring his handiwork. The Halloween Massacre was just beginning.

End  
file.